

WHY ICE STAYS ON TOP.

Water the Sole Exception to an Otherwise Universal Law.

It is one of the most extraordinary things in this extraordinary world, writes Henry Martyn Hart in the Outlook, that water should be the sole exception to the otherwise universal law that the heaviest things contract and therefore increase in density.

Water contracts as its temperature falls and therefore becomes heavier and sinks until it reaches 39 degrees. At this temperature water is the heaviest. This is the point of its maximum density. From this point it begins to expand. Therefore in winter, although the surface may be freezing at a temperature of 32 degrees, the water at the bottom of the pool is six or seven degrees warmer.

Suppose that water, like everything else, had gone on contracting as it cooled until it reached the freezing point. The heaviest water would have sunk to the lowest place and there become ice. Although it is true that eight pints of water become nine pints of ice, and therefore icebergs float, showing above the surface an eighth of their bulk, still had the water when at the bottom turned into ice the stones would have locked it in their interstices and held it there, and before the winter was over the whole pool would become solid ice, and all the poor fish would be entombed in clear, beautiful crystal.

JAPAN'S GOD OF WAR.

Hachiman, Strange to Say, Is a Lover of the Peaceful Dove.

Hachiman, the god of war in Japan, strange to say, loves a dove, a bird symbolical in the west of peace and not of war. Go to any temple or shrine where Hachiman is worshipped, and you will find a great many doves cooling either on the roof of the temple or on the ground below. The tablet on which the name of the god is inscribed begins with the hieroglyph of "Hachi," the two strokes of which are intended to picture a pair of doves, the female on the right and the male on the left. Doves are Hachiman's favorite birds, messengers by which he sends good tidings of peace and love.

Hachiman never fights merely to satiate his thirst for blood. He fights battles for peace. He never makes sacrifices of lives so that he may glory over the conquered. He is a great enemy of tyrants and oppressors. He is ever ready to help those who are oppressed and persecuted. He fights wars of justice. He wishes to see justice done on all sides. His banners bear inscriptions conveying the thought of righteousness and justice.

Misdeeds will be the fate of any who venture to violate the peace and welfare of the world, for Hachiman in his righteous wrath will crush down such a one under his mighty feet.—Chicago News.

Polar Plants.

Climate affects the inhabitants of the sea just as it does those of the land. As arctic land plants cannot flourish at the equator, so in the Arctic and Antarctic oceans marine plants are found which are unable to survive in warm water. Among the most remarkable of these cold water plants are the laminariaceae, a kind of seaweeds which sometimes attain a gigantic size, exceeding in length the longest climbing plants of the tropical forests and developing huge stems like the trunks of trees. Investigations have shown that these plants flourish in the coldest waters of the polar seas and that they never advance farther from their frigid homes than to the limits of "summer temperature" in the ocean. The genial warmth destroys them, just as a polar blast shrivels the flowers of a tropical garden.

A Compromise.

Young Mattie (with theories on the care of children, to nurse—Jane, Nurse Yes-sum. Young Matron—When the baby has finished his bottle, lay him in the cradle on his right side. After eating a child should always lie on the right side; that relieves the pressure on the heart. Still (reflectively) the liver is on the right side; perhaps, after all, you had better lay him on the left side. No, I am sure the treatment of infant digestion said right side. On the whole, Jane, you may lay the baby on his back until I have looked up the matter more thoroughly."

The Only Obligation.

A story that comes from a country region not far from New York concerns a native who was seen skilfully plowing a field with a team of weary and dejected horses. As they approached the observer of rural life remarked sympathetically that the horses "didn't seem to like the work."

"Um," commented the farmer briefly, "they don't have to like it. They only have to do it."—Harper's Weekly.

Pale of Platitudes.

"See here," exclaimed the angry man, "I wish you would muzzle that dog of yours at night. His barking keeps my baby awake."

"I was just going to request you to muzzle your baby," rejoined the neighbor. "His nightly howling annoys my baby."—St. Louis Republic.

Trapped in Armor.

Trying on ancient armor is not at all ways an agreeable experiment, judging from the experience of a French artist. He had bought a quaint old helmet and put it on his own head to judge the effect. Unfortunately he touched a spring, the visor shut down suddenly, and, being alone in the studio, he could not free himself from the mediaeval head covering without help. At last he ran into the street, where his appearance created considerable amusement till a charitable passerby managed to set him free.—Horn Glass

Lesson in Modern Finance.

"Pa," said the son of the captain of industry, "what is being recanted to one's trust?"

"Not increasing the capital stock every time the public can be hypnotized into buying a few more shares for the benefit of the people who hold the bonds."—Chicago Record-Herald.

POLLY LARKIN

Don't carry your trials and tribulations, your misfortunes and disappointments to your friends and make them a partner in your woes. It does not help you to any extent and it airs an unavoidable part of our life that is calculated to do more harm than good.

Particularly is this so if it relates to your family affairs. Nearly every one has a skeleton in their homes and the majority of people will do all in their power to keep the outside world from knowing of this hidden grief. The exceptions are few and far between but still people do exist to whom the relating of things pertaining to weaknesses, afflictions, etc., in their own family circle is one of the pleasures of life. The story of their woes has been told so many times that the unpleasant phase of life to them and those around them is no longer a secret but has become common gossip. They talk too much—that is the failing or weakness of those who discuss family matters abroad and who seldom give anyone the impression that they ever have a pleasant side to their lives. There are others who hold their griefs and disappointments relative to home affairs, as almost sacred. Few persons outside of their own families ever know of anything disagreeable occurring. They do not crave the sympathy of a curious public and would resent prying into their family affairs as a piece of impertinence.

There are many "Paul Pry's" in this world, and some of them are moved only by the best of motives. They have no wish to offend when they begin to pry into your affairs, but it is a mistaken kindness on their part, and one of the worst features of these people is their blindness in not seeing that their efforts are distasteful and objectionable.

We are gradually waking up to the fact that only the brightest and best side of life is to be discussed in public. We will not allow others to be shadowed by a passing glimpse into the sadder side of life. I met a little friend recently who had undergone such a great transformation that I could not help but gaze at her in wonderment. She looked ten years younger, and not once did she refer to unpleasant things as had been her custom for years. She was bright and smiling. The corners of her mouth no longer drooped sorrowfully but were arched by the merry little laugh she gave vent to every now and then. The happy ringing laughter, the bright gaze and sparkle in her eyes, all of which had been a stranger to her friends for so long that they naturally commented upon it and likened the change to that of a butterfly that had left its ugly chrysalis behind it.

"An honest confession is good for the soul," she replied to a friend who commented upon the change that had taken place in her appearance. "You see, I belong to a club of six, and all of us are pledged not to look on the dark side of anything, much less discuss it. We turn our faces resolutely from anything unpleasant. We will not listen to anything that will cause us to be sad and despondent. We reason that we cannot help matters by listening to it or discussing it; if we could it would be an entirely different matter. In glancing over the daily newspapers we do not read about accidents, suicides, murders or the like—that is a subject we know nothing about when it comes up for discussion, and we don't want people to tell us anything about them—in fact we will not listen to such subjects. I have offended many of my friends by asking them to refrain from telling me anything unpleasant. I am better and happier for it. I know I am more agreeable company. I am no longer troubled with insomnia, but sleep restfully and quietly, and if I dream at all, they are not the awful, wretched dreams that paralyzed me with fear of terrible disasters that to my unhappy superstitious mind were only the forerunners of evil. I wake up in the morning now refreshed and ready for the day. There is a new song in my heart, for I will not borrow trouble; will not cross bridges before I get to them. It is soon enough when I come to them and I am schooling myself to say and believe: whatever is, is best. I have drawn a black line across the past, the record is closed for all time and I will not delve among its musty pages. I have no use for regret, for that is something belonging to the past. People say I look years younger since I began living up to this creed, and I am sure I feel so and as though I had taken a new lease of life as well. I look back now and think what a bore I must have been, and how people must have dreaded to see me coming round. It was selfishness, Polly, pure selfishness, for I thought only of my own miserable little self. I poured my pitiful tale of woe into everyone's ears who was polite enough to listen to me. I am ashamed enough of it now. Since I started to lead this new life I see things in a different light. This grand old world is so much more beautiful than it ever was before; the flowers are sweeter, my friends dearer and nearer than I ever dreamed they could be. My cry used to be, 'I will be glad when the end comes, and my summons to go hence cannot come any too soon to suit me.' Life was not worth the living and the outlook for the future was dreary and cheerless enough. You never hear me making such a complaint now. I expect to live a good

old age, and every year will bring its additional joys. When my summons comes I hope to be ready for the boatman pale; still I am not spending my time in the depths of despair and waiting with gloomy feelings for his visit. This grand old world is good enough for me, as I am permitted to remain. Away with sorrow and regrets. I would like to form clubs like ours all over this bright, beautiful world."

Polly wondered if this bright little friend was not practicing "Bushido," a law of the Japanese, which they consider as essential to good manners, and it has a good deal to do with their native chivalry, which is one of the most agreeable traits of these little brown men. The law of "Bushido" demands that its followers shall refrain from exhibiting signs of grief, distress, trouble, pain or other depressing conditions in the presence of others. The Japanese may pour out the bitterness or grief in his heart before his family, but in the presence of others he is the same suave, smiling and courteous being who have always known him. They will endeavor to hide all physical pain as well. They believe that it is their sacred duty to their fellow man to keep anything from him that would cause grief, sorrow, pain and unpleasantness, so they spare the feelings of others by concealing their own, and they further believe that a person's sorrow, grief, pain and trouble are too sacred to be exposed to the world. Would that every member of the human family could practice "Bushido."

BRIEF REVIEW.

Snakes an Object of Worship.

A peculiar phase of the worship of the Huichol Indians is their adoration of serpents. Not only are all the goddesses supposed to have the form of serpents, but also nearly everything else in nature; for instance, the rivers, the trails of men and deer, and the falling rain are showers of serpents, the wind waving the corn, and the grass, the corn itself, the long hair on the people's heads, their ribbons and girdles—in short, anything long and sinuous. Serpents living in or near water impart their own sacredness to this element; their cleverness, manifested in the beautiful markings on their skins, appears again in the life-giving power of the water, and the land is full of sacred things, each of which receives its due quota of ceremonial objects.

Geniuses Produced in Private Schools.

An article that appeared recently in one of the magazines contained some interesting statistics as to the relative value of public and private schools in the education of girls. The number of successful women authors educated in private schools was 291, against 55 who mastered their rudiments at the expense of the city and state. Of prominent women journalists 8 were educated in public and 26 in private schools. The women scientists were 5 of public school education and 4 of private. Lawyers having attained distinction in their chosen careers were: Public schools 2; private, 3. Five artists were public school girls, against 19 from private institutions.

Bees in Warfare.

There are at least two recorded instances in which bees have been used as weapons of defense in war. When the Roman General Lucullus was warring against Mithridates he sent a force against the city of Themiscyra. As they besieged the walls the inhabitants threw down upon them myriads of swarms of bees. These doctory little insects were also once used with equal success in England. Chester was besieged by the Danes and Norwegians, but his Saxon defenders threw down on them the beehives of the town, and the siege was soon raised.

English Sand Glass.

In the British House of Commons, as soon as the question to be decided is put from the chair, a clerk at the table sets in motion a huge sand glass, familiarly known to members as the "egg boiler," probably because it takes three minutes to run out. As the last sand runs through the glass the sergeant-at-arms instantly locks the massive oak doors of the chamber, and only those members who have succeeded in getting through the doorway can vote.

Drunkards of Montreal.

Habitual drunkards, after conviction in Montreal, Quebec, are now given the option of paying a fine, undergoing imprisonment or taking a certain cure. At present there are twenty-two under treatment, ten at their homes and twelve at the jail. Each patient is expected to take sixteen doses of the prescribed medicine each day, and warned not to drink any intoxicating liquors during the time of trial.

New Spirit Discovered.

The discovery is said to have been made in England of a new spirit, "unlike either petrol or alcohol," and "not unpleasant" in odor, which is cheap and will take the place of petrol in running automobiles.

Boom in Prayer-Book Trade.

The present custom in England of brides carrying prayer books instead of bouquets, has caused a boom in the prayer book trade. The bindings have to be white—morocco, calf, ivory, silver or mother of pearl.

As a result of a wager that he could eat a quart of salted peanuts Rex Subb of Fairfield, Ia., 17 years old, is dead. Death was caused by absence of the intestines, brought on by his gastronomic feat.

IN THE ROUNDHOUSE

THE ATTENTION THAT IS BESTOWED UPON THE LOCOMOTIVES.

Couldn't Ride in His Own Car. The late William L. Elkins used to tell a story of P. A. B. Widener which said that magnate of trolley lines the country over in a light little imagined by the thousands of people who usually suppose that a man who owns such property occasionally rides in his own cars, says the New York Times. According to Mr. Elkins' story, Mr. Widener never does. There is something in the motion which nauseates him.

"Widener made one brave attempt to overcome that feeling," the story went. But these hostile phrases were subject to considerable modification if the man against whom they were aimed came near enough to Carlyle to do him a personal favor, even to pay him a personal compliment. Disraeli, whom he had described as a mountebank dancing upon John Bull's stomach, offered Carlyle a baronetcy and elicited from him, together with a refusal of the title, many tributes to his magnanimity. He said very little about Disraeli henceforth in print, and in private he spoke of him only as "a very tragical comical fellow."—London Chronicle.

NEW SHORT STORIES

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MR. WIDENER EXPRESSED HIS DISGUST.

"One morning he and I started into Philadelphia from Jenkintown on the trolley, and Peter declared to me that he was going to stick out the whole twelve miles. Before we had gone one, however, he looked so white and miserable that I said he was foolish to try. 'It'll pass off in a minute,' answered Peter and sat still.

"Bill, why in the world can't a man bridge a tree at the ends, but balanced at the center on a spindle. Rails are laid across this, as if it were a part of the roadbed. When the fires of the locomotive have been cared for the engineer runs his machine upon the table. With deft hand at the throttle, he brings it to a stop at the precise point where the hundred tons of steel balance on the spindle that supports the bridge. Then the ponderous mass is slowly revolved until the required track is reached and the engine is backed into the roundhouse.

Once within the house the engineer's life is done. He has but to go to the office report in a book prepared for the purpose, which repairs that are needed, and he can go home, assured that his machine will be ready for him when he starts on the next run. The engine is now turned over to the roundhouse crew, who go to work on it at once. The attention that a locomotive receives on arrival at the roundhouse is about the same that one would expect to be bestowed upon a race horse. Wipers go over every inch of the surface carefully, removing all dust and oil. Others drop into the pit beneath the machine and wipe the running gear. The headlight is carefully cared for and the brass polished. In fact, the whole machine is put in first class shape in every way.

Throughout this work keen watch is kept for any signs of broken parts, and any found are repaired. The hundred and more fuses are cleaned by steam pressure. An engine seldom comes to the house that does not need repairs of some sort. The delicate mechanism is constantly becoming broken, and unceasing attention is required.

One of the most interesting of all the repairs that are made in the roundhouse is the tightening of the tires on the wheels. Each wheel is surrounded with a heavy steel tire. These occasionally work loose, and it becomes necessary that they be tightened without sending the locomotive to the shops.

To do this a stream of oil is fed automatically upon the tire and allowed to burn as it runs down. The result is that the whole rim is soon a circle of flame. This is kept up for a long time, where labor, cranes and forces are to be had. But all the minor troubles are remedied at the "stables," and the foreman of the roundhouse is responsible for the condition of the engines. He is the man to whom all look in an emergency, and it is he who must look forward and plan for the repairs in such a way as not to interfere with the regular operation of the trains.—Boston Globe.

A Modest Request.

Representative Stevens of Minnesota is in the category of congressmen who receive strange requests from constituents, says the Buffalo Times. Not long ago he forwarded to one of these men residing in St. Paul a big package of garden seeds. In a few days a letter profuse in thanks came back from St. Paul with this concluding paragraph: "Please send me a sack of barley, a sack of corn, a sack of oats and as many trees as you can get at the agricultural department."

An Untimely Remark.

A little girl at the breakfast table was very decorous when her papa was asking a blessing on the meal and put her hand on the table, with folded hands, but just as the "grace" was about closing she looked up and called out, "Aunt Kate, what kind of a prayer do you have in Newtonville?"—Boston Traveler.

No Common Hire Hand.

Agent of Apartment House.—When can you go to work? Dignified Person (who has accepted position as janitor of building)—I can enter upon the duties of my office at once, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

A Recommendation.

Mrs. Darley—Why do you have Mrs. Gable to sew for you? She is not a good dressmaker. Mrs. Cawker—I know that, but she knows all the gossip in the community.—London St. Bits.

CAUSTIC CARLYLE

He Couldn't See What He Was Doing.

Carlyle's opinion of Disraeli. Spencer "the most unending ass in Christendom" must, of course, be read in conjunction with Carlyle's opinion of Disraeli in general. "Sticky coils," he cheerfully thought of us all. Carlyle, we know, he would not have at any price—not a word of him. Cardinal Newman, he estimated, had "the brain of a medium sized rabbit." Ruskin was a bottle of soda water. "A had young man" was his sum up of another eminent writer.

But these hostile phrases were subject to considerable modification if the man against whom they were aimed came near enough to Carlyle to do him a personal favor, even to pay him a personal compliment. Disraeli, whom he had described as a mountebank dancing upon John Bull's stomach, offered Carlyle a baronetcy and elicited from him, together with a refusal of the title, many tributes to his magnanimity. He said very little about Disraeli henceforth in print, and in private he spoke of him only as "a very tragical comical fellow."—London Chronicle.

THE ONION CURE.

A Remedy Which is Claimed to Be Infallible in Pneumonia.

This remedy, which is claimed to be infallible, was formulated many years ago by a well-known physician in New England, who never lost a patient by this scourge. Take six or ten onions, according to size, and chop fine. Put in a large spider over a hot fire, add about the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar to form a stiff paste. Stir thoroughly and simmer five or ten minutes. Put into a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to the chest just as hot as the patient can bear it. In about ten minutes change the poultice, and thus continue reheating and applying, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger. And just here a word of caution. In applying this or any other hot poultice care must be exercised not to let the patient get chilled during the changing process. Have the hot one all ready to go on before the cooling one is removed, and make the exchanges so swiftly and deftly that there is not a moment's exposure of the body surface, which becomes exceedingly sensitive to a chill.

POSITION DURING SLEEP.

Slightly Raise the Head and Lie on the Right Side.

The main object of sleep is that every organ of the body should have perfect rest. The brain, the lungs and the heart have been, not inappropriately, called the "tripod of life," as upon them hangs the prosperity of the whole frame; hence we slightly raise the head to check the flow of blood to the brain and more or less quickly find out the position of greatest ease for lungs and heart.

This will be found by sleeping for the greater part of the time on the right side, for nearly two-thirds of the heart is on the left of the medial line, and the apex points closely to the smaller left lung; hence the fullest and freest play possible should be given to the left side.

A quiet pulse, diminished respiration and refreshing rest are all combined when open windows, moderate warmth and unchafing heart work together. It is often best to court sleep on the left side and turn to the right before going off.

A Philanthropist.

Modern advertising on a cope even with the etiquette of courts. A London Journal tells us that a young American woman wished to be presented at the court of the king of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the king could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail bootmaker. The young woman calmed home and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer: "Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."

The Telltale.

That was an embarrassing position in which a fashionable New York woman found herself recently. She was invited to a wedding, but did not think either of her hats was good enough for the occasion. So she visited her milliner's and had an exceedingly costly affair sent home on trial. She wore it at the wedding and the next day drove to the milliner's and returned it, saying it did not suit. It happened that the hatmaker, who quite understood the situation, had been similarly tried several times of late. "Did you not wear this hat at the Blank wedding yesterday?" she asked bluntly. Taken by surprise, the society woman opened up, but asked, "How did you know?" "Oh, it was quite easy. I see several grains of rice in the folds of the lace."

The Dog Whipper.

An old church official in England was the dog whipper, who was employed in driving out remodeling from the various churches and who is often alluded to in vestry accounts, as, for example, "paid the dog whipper 19 shillings." "To Widdow Sandys the year's salary for (dog) whipping 5 shillings." Implements known as dog whippers, many of them being spiked at the end and capable of giving a cruel grip. They are still preserved in some of the old churches.

A Doctor's Visit.

More patients become dissatisfied because they are not visited often enough than because they are required to pay for excess of services. One of the most grateful families that I ever knew was one that had just paid a young medical grafter for fourteen visits made between 5 and 11 p. m. of a single day, when two visits would have been amply sufficient. Small wonder that some of the younger men yield to the temptation and shortly become known to the profession as repeaters. But these soon lose caste.—The World Today.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

World Economy.

An incident that occurred recently illustrates the frugality of Edward Williams's family.

The empress, with two of her court ladies, was sitting on a terrace in the park of Sans Souci, at Potsdam palace, when another lady of the court, a countess, approached. The countess was accompanied by her little girl, and the empress called to her own little daughter, the Princess Victoria, who was playing down below, to come up and make this child's acquaintance. A few minutes later the empress felt somebody tugging at her sleeve.

"Mamma," whispered a small voice at her ear, "see what beautiful things that little girl has! The countess's daughter was most expensively dressed. And it is not Sunday, and there are no uncle kings here. And I am a little princess, and she is a little countess. And she has on so beautiful things as you give me on Sunday and when an uncle king comes. May I put on my beautiful things?"

"No, little sweetheart," the empress whispered in reply. "Your papa is under too great an expense to permit you to wear your good clothes every day. We must be as careful as we can of our clothes, so as to help him in every way possible."—Everybody's Magazine.

Population of the United States.

The census bureau estimate of 79,960,380 for the population of the United States on June 1, 1903, seems conservative and is probably at least a million short of the actual number. The increase during the three years by this estimate is 3,905,814. Inasmuch as during the three years the rush of immigrants was enormous, reaching over 1,900,000, this estimate implies that our natural increase by excess of births over deaths has been only 2,000,000. This amounts to about .009 per cent natural increase per year. Our natural rate of increase for the decade 1890-1900 averaged nearly twice as much, .0157. If our natural increase has continued at this same rate—and there is little reason to believe it has—there has been an excess of births over deaths of 3,572,000, which would make our total population on June 1, 1903, 81,472,000.—National Geographical Magazine.

Nature's Photograph in Agate.

In the fine mineral cabinet of John W. Campbell of Sellwood is an agate in which is printed the face of an Indian woman. The face and part of the figure are so clear cut and distinct that there is no question about them. The agate was a very common appearing specimen when picked up on the Siletz Indian reservation, and Mr. Campbell kept it for some time before he discovered the image of the Indian woman. He saw that there was something below the red surface, and he had that side polished, when the face made its appearance. Mr. Campbell says that the face is nature's photograph. "The sun caught the face and figure of the Indian woman as she was walking along the beach and fastened it on the agate," is Mr. Campbell's theory concerning the picture.—Portland Oregonian.

Low Temperature and Life.

A remarkable suggestion bearing upon the survival of organic life at extremely low temperatures was made in a paper by Professor Travers of University college, Bristol, read recently before the Royal society in London. He said it was quite possible that if living organisms were cooled to a temperature at which physical changes, such as crystallization, take place with measurable velocity the process would be fatal, whereas if they once were cooled to the temperature of liquid air no such change could take place in finite time, and the organism would survive.—Exchange.

Do We Eat Too Much?

Physiologists say that the Japanese present the most perfect physique of any race in the world. Most of the diseases common to the accident are unknown among the subjects of the mikado, and this happy condition they themselves attribute to the fact that they eat sparingly and only of plain, nourishing food. A Japanese visiting in this country is appalled at the quantity of food consumed by his host in one day. Especially is he impressed with the extravagance of our poorer people. In Japan most once a day is a luxury even among the well to do.—Housekeeper.

Women as Foot Racers.

Recently women's foot races at Trepow, near Berlin, caused a great deal of interest. Two of the competitors boldly donned jerseys and knickerbockers, but the remainder ran in skirts. Several appeared on the track in high heeled boots. A considerable number dropped from exhaustion within fifty yards of the starting point. One sprained an ankle, another fell and broke her arm, and a third fainted from excitement before the signal was given to go. Most of the competitors appeared to be absolutely untrained.

Russia's Declining Fur Trade.

The wealth of Russia in furs is being rapidly sapped. It is reported that in a certain district of the Yenesei government, where fifty years ago hunters annually shot 28,000 sable, 6,000 bears, 24,000 foxes, 14,000 blue foxes, 300,000 squirrels, 5,000 wolves and 200,000 hares, hardly a sable can be found today. The blame is laid to the wanton destruction of wild animals in the course of the hunting expeditions. No steps seem to have been taken to put a stop to this.

Moonshine.

An old lady, having been told of the theory of the moon being inhabited, remarked, with emphasis: "Nonsense! What becomes of the people when there is nothing but a little streak of it left?"

THE MARRIAGE MAN.

"Don't you think he rather likes me?" "Oh, well enough to consent to your marriage to his daughter, but I don't think you'd better try to borrow any money from him."—Chicago Post.